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# MAMMA'S VERSES;

OR,

## LINES

FOR

### LITTLE LONDONERS.

---

BY THE AUTHOR OF

*Mamma's Stories; Dick, the Day Scholar, &c.*

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE first idea of the following Trifles was suggested by reading the "*Original Poems for Infant Minds*," a work exhibiting such excellence of principle, and such an agreeable variety of subjects, that it would seem to make any similar attempt equally hopeless and useless. But in that, and in nearly all the Juvenile Works of most merit and celebrity, the scenes are laid in the Country, and the Children of those numerous families who constantly inhabit London and other great Cities, must content themselves with reading descriptions of pleasures which they cannot taste,

and in some instances, injunctions to duties which they cannot perform. For such little readers then, as may have felt tantalized even while they were amused by some of the Juvenile Eclogues to which we allude, the following Verses are penned. If they succeed in affording any pleasure, the writer's satisfaction will exceed that of the reader; but the only merit which is positively claimed for them is, the humble yet indispensable one—*that they can do no mischief.*

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# MAMMA'S VERSES.



## ROMPING MARY;

OR,

‘WHATEVER IS, IS BEST.’

‘I WISH,’ said romping Mary,

‘That I had been a boy!’

‘Why so, my little fairy?’

‘And where would be the joy?’

‘ Oh, then I’d learn to climb,  
   ‘ To swim, and play at cricket;  
 ‘ To throw the ball in time,  
   ‘ And so knock down the wicket.

‘ I’d go with Charles to school,  
   ‘ And club to make a feast;  
 ‘ If wine was out of rule,  
   ‘ With lolly-pops at least.

‘ But girls are kept so quiet,  
   ‘ While boys are always rude:  
 ‘ I long to make a riot,  
   ‘ Instead of being good.’

‘ Ah, Mary! few are skilful  
   ‘ In what is for their good;  
 ‘ By children who are wilful,  
   ‘ ’Tis never understood.

' If climbing you would master,  
 ' Or even learn to swim,  
 ' Suppose some sad disaster  
 ' Should cause a broken limb :

' How then would you endure  
 ' The nights and days of pain  
 ' That must precede your cure,  
 ' And yet from tears refrain ?

' A boy must suffer all things  
 ' Without a coward tear ;  
 ' But you would weep at small things,  
 ' And shew your craven fear.

' Nor would the feasting lore  
 ' Be all you need be pat in,  
 ' For school-boys long must pore  
 ' On heathen Greek and Latin.

' You think it now a trouble  
   ' French nouns and verbs to seek;  
 ' But Latin would be double,  
   ' And harder still is Greek.

' Then cease in idle pining  
   ' Your fancies to unfurl;  
 ' Your proper station shine in,  
   ' A good and happy Girl.'



## LITTLE MAURICE;

or,

## CONCEIT REPROVED.

ONE day, in the Park,

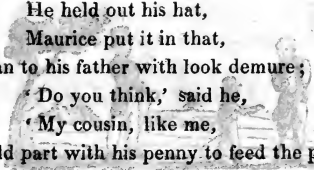
As gay as a lark,

Little Maurice ran by his father's side;

He held in his hand

A penny, quite grand,

Which soon a poor old beggar espied.



He held out his hat,  
 Maurice put it in that,  
 And ran to his father with look demure;  
 'Do you think,' said he,  
 'My cousin, like me,  
 'Would part with his penny to feed the poor?'

He asked him twice,  
 And he jogged him thrice,  
 But still not a word his father replied;  
 At last he looked down,  
 And said 'yes,' with a frown;  
 'But wou'd have said nothing about it beside.'



**EDWARD;**

OR,

**RAMBLING REASONED ON.**

‘ PAPA,’ said little Ned,  
 ‘ Let’s take a journey, pray;  
 ‘ Such charming things I’ve read  
 ‘ That travellers see and say.

- ' The Country is delightful,
- ' So full of pleasant sights;
- ' But London is quite frightful,
- ' And smelling of gas lights.
- ' You wish me to be clever,
- ' And have a mind well stored;
- ' Then should we not endeavour
- ' To make a tour abroad?
- ' My cousins are in Paris,
- ' And Julia crossed the Rhine;
- ' While here our household tarries,
- ' And I for knowledge pine.'
- ' Ah, Edward! 'tis a pity
- ' To cross the sea and roam
- ' To any foreign city,
- ' 'Till all is learned at home.

' This London, you are tir'd of,  
 ' Can sights and wonders shew,  
 ' Which you have never heard of,  
 ' And older boys don't know.

' In Westminster, the Abbey  
 ' With heroes tombs is filled;  
 ' Abroad 'twould look quite shabby  
 ' In these to be unskilled.

' St. Paul's stupendous church  
 ' You'd think upon with shame,  
 ' If left so in the lurch,  
 ' To visit Notre Dame.

' The pictures in the Louvre  
 ' Display their bright perfections;  
 ' But we should first manœuvre  
 ' To see some home collections.

‘ The Bank, the Mint, the Houses  
 ‘ Of Commons and of Lords,  
 ‘ Attest what London now is,  
 ‘ What sights she still affords.

‘ The Royal Institution  
 ‘ Gives knowledge, taste, and skill;  
 ‘ And change without confusion  
 ‘ Attends its lectures still.

‘ Some folks have wished to be  
 ‘ Whole years in the Museum;  
 ‘ So much there is to see,  
 ‘ No fear it should ennui ‘em.

‘ Each animal that dwells  
 ‘ On earth, there stands in order;  
 ‘ And minerals, fossils, shells,  
 ‘ The vast apartments border.

' Within those walls are treasure'd  
 ' The sculptured forms of grace,  
 ' Whose value can't be measur'd,  
 ' So perfect's every trace.

' Egyptian mummies there,  
 ' With granite Gods are found ;  
 ' Whose sight should render dear  
 ' Our place on Christian ground.

' Now, Edward, can you say  
 ' What mummies are, and granite ;  
 ' Where, Egypt lies, I pray,  
 ' And Greece, if find you can, it?

' Next, prithee name the classes  
 ' In which each creature fits,  
 ' From lions down to asses,  
 ' From eagles to tom-tits?

' For this and other lore  
   ' At home should be acquir'd,  
 ' If France you would explore,  
   ' Or are with England tir'd.

' Else all you'd learn in France  
   ' Would be some *parley vous*,  
 ' Or stepping in a dance  
   ' Which school boys hate to do.

' To travel unprepar'd  
   ' Is merely waste of time  
 ' And money, better spar'd,  
   ' Than spent in foreign clime.'



## A TRUE STORY

### TWO DOGS.

WITHIN a cobbler's stall  
 Two dogs in friendship dwelt;  
 Their master's means were small,  
 And hunger oft they felt.

Yet neither tried to snap  
 A morsel from the other;  
 But shared each scanty scrap,  
 Like sister and like brother.

The beauties of the mind  
 They equally possessed;  
 But charms of other kind  
 Stood but in one confessed.

A Poodle was the beauty,  
 With white and curling coat;  
 The Terrier did his duty,  
 But had no curls to note.

At last the cobbler sold  
 The Poodle for a guinea;  
 To keep her, he was told,  
 Was acting like a Ninny.

The gentleman who bought her  
 Had promis'd to be kind;  
 And many tricks he taught her,  
 To keep his word in mind.

She learnt to fetch and carry  
 Her master's hat and stick;  
 Would neither pause nor tarry,  
 But run and bring them quick.

And when he took a ride  
 She trotted like a groom;  
 And never left his side  
 Till they were safely home.

Or if he stopped to pay  
 A visit to a friend,  
 On her the duty lay,  
 His palfrey to attend.

She took him by the bridle,  
 And held it in her mouth;  
 Nor suffered him to idle,  
 But led him North and South.

Her master was delighted  
 By such ingenious ways;  
 And saw her well requited  
 With pudding and with praise.

But still she grew no fatter  
 With all her dainty food;  
 And bones upon her platter  
 Did never do her good.

She carried every bone  
 To bury in the garden;  
 And when she was alone,  
 She dug, and stuck it hard in.

He feared this clever Poodle, whose merits  
 Whose merits all could tell;  
 Was nothing but a noodle,  
 And so he watched her well.

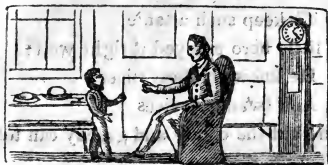
And early every morning  
 He saw her Terrier friend;  
 The housemaid's anger scorning,  
 His footsteps thither bend.

The Poodle always led him  
 To all her garden store;  
 And while her savings fed him  
 She scratched and dug for more.

'Such generous friendship!' cried  
 Her master, quite astonished;  
 'May shame my human pride,  
 And make me stand admonished.'

' And since she thus can cherish  
 ' A comrade that's distrest;  
 ' The Terrier shall not perish,  
 ' But be my frequent guest.

The better to reward her,  
 He bought the Terrier too,  
 That he might thus afford her  
 A friend in constant view.



# THE SCHOOL DINNER;

OR,

## DAINTINESS DISAPPOINTED.

A Boy I could name; who daily

If 'twould add to his fame, who

Who daily enjoyed a luxurious dinner; who

Two courses appeared, who

And when they were cleared, who

Such pastry and fruit, that it scarcely looked thinner.

His father was able  
 To keep such a table,  
 And our little hero enjoyed it right well;  
 He knew the best slices,  
 And twenty devices  
 That none but the dainty and greedy can tell.

At last he was moved  
 From the home that he loved,  
 To a private academy—school it in fact is;  
 To learn from a tutor,  
 Past, present, and future,  
 Declensions and pronouns, prosodia, syntaxis.

The day he arrived,  
 He had not contrived  
 To dine on his dainties before he set out;  
 And at the school dinner  
 Was, like a beginner,  
 Surprized to see pudding first handed about.

*'I'll wait, if you please,'*

Said the lad at his ease,

Expecting the soup, and the patties, and fish :

When nothing was put on

But turnips and mutton,

He found the remove did not answer his wish.

The poor little glutton,

Detesting boiled mutton,

Repeated his speech, and declared he would *wait* :

His tutor in vain

Desir'd he'd explain,

And kindly advised him to hold out his plate.

The meat went away,

But the cloth did not stay ;

And nothing succeeded, but saying a grace :

He found to his sorrow

He'd wait 'till to-morrow,

Before a new dinner appeared in its place.



## THE LITTLE SPENDTHRIFT.

- ‘ YOUR mother gave you half-a-crown,  
 ‘ Now tell me, Jack; how you employed it?’  
 ‘ A famous whip I bought in Town,  
 ‘ Indeed, Papa, I quite enjoy’d it.’  
 ‘ Five shillings too, I know you had,  
 ‘ If they are gone, pray tell me how;—  
 ‘ Some went in fruit that was but bad;  
 ‘ I paid the rest to see a show.’

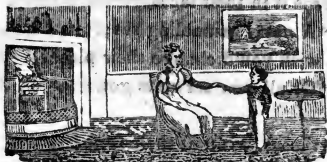
'Two shillings, since you came from school,  
 ' I gave you for your weekly pay;  
 ' I hope you have not played the fool,  
 ' And thrown that money too, away.'—

' I tossed up, heads or tails, with Nurse,  
 ' And lost the first, but never fretted;  
 ' The other bought a leather purse  
 ' To hold more money when I get it.'

' And so, upon your idle self  
 ' You squandered all that you possessed;  
 ' Forgetting that your worldly self  
 ' Should feed and succour the distressed.

' How many a poor and hungry mouth  
 ' That nine and sixpence would have fed;  
 ' While all around us, north and south,  
 ' Are fellow-creatures wanting bread!

- ' I do not mean to make you spend  
 ' In charity your all, unwilling;  
 ' But some assistance you should lend,  
 ' And give a part of every shilling.  
  
 ' So, till I find that you discover  
 ' The real use to make of plenty,  
 ' Your week's allowance must stand over,  
 ' And still the leather purse be empty.'



## SAM'S COMPLAINT;

OR,

LET EACH ONE MEND ONE.

- 
- ‘DEAR aunt,’ said little Sam,  
 ‘How very strange it strikes me,  
 ‘But yet quite sure I am,  
 ‘Your servants do not like me.

- ' I see it in their faces,  
   ' A nasty grumbling set ;  
 ' I wish you'd change their places,  
   ' Or all new servants get.  
  
 ' At least, with all their spite,  
   ' One comfort I've in store ;  
 ' That whether wrong or right  
   ' I like myself the more.'

His aunt now gently tried

- To speak a word in season ;  
 ' My dear,' she softly cried,  
   ' I'll put it to your reason.

- ' Say, which is soonest done,  
   ' And most within your reach ;  
 ' To mend the faults of One,  
   ' Or half a dozen teach ?

‘ That *One* is always present,

‘ And when a fault you find,

‘ His looks will still be pleasant,

‘ Nor you be deemed unkind.

‘ Indeed I’m very sure

‘ That if you but desire

‘ His evil ways to cure,

‘ He’ll be what you require.

‘ Now, aunt, I see you’re joking,

‘ And think that I’m to blame;

‘ But surely ’tis provoking,

‘ And you would say the same,

‘ If you could see their look,

‘ And hear their cross replies;

‘ When I would chat with Cook,

‘ And see her make her pies.

' And if I ring the bell,  
 ' And try to make them fear me,  
 ' The footman seems to swell,  
 ' And scarce will stay to hear me.'—

' My dear, I still must say,  
 ' If others you're for mending,  
 ' The best and easiest way  
 ' Is, to yourself attending.

' Your visits to the kitchen  
 ' Have but a greedy look;  
 ' For fruit that she is rich in,  
 ' They think you coax the Cook.

' And when the minute after  
 ' You try to play the man;  
 ' You only raise their laughter,  
 ' Their fears you never can.

- ‘ But if you fret and tease them
- ‘ With foolish haughty airs,
- ‘ In vain you try to please them
- ‘ By gossiping down stairs.
- ‘ Be gentle and be kind,
- ‘ But never make too free ;
- ‘ I’m sure you then will find
- ‘ They like both you and me.’

The sequel of my story  
 Is settled in a trice,  
 For Samuel, to his glory,  
 Obeyed his aunt’s advice.

He tried to speak politely,  
 And give but little trouble ;  
 And found she augured rightly,  
 Their zeal and care were double.

For servants love to wait  
 On children who are good ;  
 But boys who scold and prate,  
 Make all around them rude.



## LOUISA ;—PART I.

OR,

## USEFULNESS ABROAD AND AT HOME.

THE fire was stirred, the tea prepar'd,  
But not a child the banquet shared;  
For expectation led them all  
From parlour windows to the hall;  
To every knock and ring they listened,  
At every sound their bright eyes glistened:

And e'en Mamma, with anxious look,  
 A share in all their watchings took.  
 At last a louder knock was heard,  
 A chariot on the pavement stirred;  
 And soon, to quiet all alarms,  
 Their sister clasped them in her arms.  
 With rapture welcomed, young LOUISA  
 Sees every eye intent to please her:  
 The seat they loved, 'twas next their mother's,  
 Is first assigned her by her brothers.  
 The babies then, whose joy is stuffing,  
 Supply her well with cake and muffin;  
 And all so many questions ask,  
 That answering is no easy task.—  
 ' Louisa, dear, you're come at last!  
 ' We thought a month would ne'er be past.—  
 ' First tell us how you liked your visit:  
 ' The Country's not like Brook-Street, is it?

' You wrote about the garden flowers;  
 ' Would any of them grow in ours ?  
 ' Would flower-pots ranged on the leads  
 ' Look like my uncle's violet beds ?  
 ' What could you play at, all alone ?  
 ' Poor girl, how tired you must have grown !  
 ' How glad you must have been to-day,  
 ' On travelling the London way !  
 Louisa looked around and smiled  
 On every fond, caressing child ;  
 ' I do indeed,' she said, ' rejoice  
 ' To hear each kind, familiar voice ;  
 ' My dear Mamma again to see,  
 ' Again with you at home to be.  
 ' But as for play, I had it there,  
 ' A child, I think, plays every where ;  
 ' And little chance of being tired  
 ' In scenes so new and so admired ;

' The garden walks, the fields, the river,  
 ' I think I could have loved for ever.  
 ' As soon as we were come down stairs,  
 ' The bell was rung for morning prayers,  
 ' A chapter then my uncle read,  
 ' And words of explanation said,  
 ' Advising us, throughout the day  
 ' To think on what the Scriptures say;  
 ' By them to measure good and ill,  
 ' And learn to do Our Saviour's will.  
 ' Then breakfast came; then all my lessons,  
 ' My aunt allowed of no transgressions,  
 ' Because, the way to shew my love  
 ' For dear Mamma, was, to improve.  
 ' The lessons over, aunt and I  
 ' Walked to the village, when 'twas dry,  
 ' On purpose at the school to call;  
 ' And this I liked the best of all.

' The reading classes brought their books, and  
 ' And we put on our stately looks;  
 ' The elder ones my aunt instructed;  
 ' But I a little class conducted,  
 ' For we had scholars in such plenty,  
 ' My share alone was nearly twenty:  
 ' We heard them read, and made them spell,  
 ' Rewarding those who did it well,  
 ' With copy-books my aunt had brought,  
 ' For she and I the writing taught;  
 ' While those who wrote the very best,  
 ' Were still distinguished from the rest  
 ' By cyphering lessons, for a treat,  
 ' To make their learning quite complete.  
 ' One day, you would have been delighted,  
 ' The scholars then were all invited  
 ' To dine with us on beef and pudding;  
 ' Be sure my aunt put what was good in.

- ‘ The tables, ranged upon the lawn,
- ‘ It was my province to adorn ;
- ‘ I decked them out in rural state
- ‘ With nosegays laid on every plate.
- ‘ My uncle carved, when grace was said,
- ‘ I handed round the plates and bread ;
- ‘ And when the feast was cleared away,
- ‘ They sang a hymn, then went to play.—
- ‘ Ah ! dear Mamma, how much I wish
- ‘ Papa and you were very rich,
- ‘ That we a country-house might take,
- ‘ Such scholars and such feasts to make !
- ‘ I know you blame all idle wishes,
- ‘ But not from motives such as this is ;
- ‘ I long the privilege to gain
- ‘ Of having lived not quite in vain ;
- ‘ And should we not our dwelling choose
- ‘ Where we can be of greatest use ?’

' My dear,' her Mother said, ' the choice  
 ' Of dwelling hangs not on your voice ;  
 ' And you mispend your time and care  
 ' By building school-rooms in the air.  
 ' On this you may rely as truth,  
 ' No station falls, to age or youth,  
 ' But gives the means, well understood,  
 ' Of serving God, and doing good.  
 ' For instance, though no public school  
 ' Is here committed to your rule ;  
 ' Yet private scholars need not fail,  
 ' Within your own domestic pale ;  
 ' And it should always be your care  
 ' To make your first exertions there.  
 ' Suppose you now attempt to teach  
 ' Our young ones here the parts of speech.  
 ' Or Sarah Brown, the nursery maid,  
 ' Who would not be of you afraid ;

' If she could once the Bible read,  
 ' 'Twould be a useful work indeed !  
 ' Or, if she could, through your assistance,  
 ' Address her mother at a distance,  
 ' And duteous letters learn to write,  
 ' Think what would be their fond delight !'  
 ' Oh ! yes, dear Mother,' cried Louisa,  
 As new-formed hope began to seize her,  
 ' I'll try to make poor Sarah Brown  
 ' The brightest nursery-maid in Town ;  
 ' And not to lose a single day,  
 ' She shall to-night her letters say ;  
 ' Her copy-book I'll buy to-morrow :—  
 ' And kiss you now—you've cured my sorrow !'



## LOUISA;—PART II.

OR,

### THE GIFT OF GRATITUDE.

LOUISA kept her promise truly,  
 Tutored her little brothers duly,  
 And taught the nursery-maid to spell,  
 And even write extremely well.  
 Besides these daily occupations,  
 Her studies, lessons, recreations,

Engrossed her time, nor left a void  
 That was not usefully employed.  
 But still she managed every day,  
 For half an hour to steal away,  
 And sily in her room to paint,  
 In colours neither dull nor faint,  
 A gay portfolio she had made,  
 With purple ribbons overlaid :  
 At length the work was quite complete,  
 She packed it up in papers neat,  
 And duly to her aunt directed,  
 Then brought it down to be inspected.  
 ‘ My dear Mamma,’ she cried, ‘ you know  
 ‘ My aunt will scarce a smile bestow  
 ‘ On any gift her nieces send,  
 ‘ If other hands assistance lend ;  
 ‘ And so, in hopes to give her pleasure,  
 ‘ I’ve laboured in my little measure,

' And made, and trimmed, and ornamented  
 ' A paper case that I invented.'  
 So saying, she display'd the case,  
 Whose border painted roses grace;  
 But in the centre of the work,  
 She figured an enormous Stork:—  
 ' My dear, I like your border well,  
 ' But why the Stork, I cannot tell.'—  
 ' Mamma, the Stork is meant to shew  
 ' The love and gratitude I owe.  
 ' From place to place his sire he brings,  
 ' When age benumbs his father's wings,  
 ' And so my wishes and my will  
 ' Would lead me to attend you still:—  
 ' The female Stork, as writers say,  
 ' Contrives her *hostess* to repay,  
 ' And where she builds for years together,  
 ' The first year she throws down a feather;

' The next a portion of her eggs,  
 ' The third, a bird upon its legs.  
 ' And so my little paper case  
 ' May serve to take the feather's place,  
 ' And shew my aunt a thankful feeling,  
 ' 'Tis all a little girl can deal in.  
 ' But when my powers with years augment,  
 ' If she permit and you consent,  
 ' I hope to give a worthy token  
 ' Of all the love of which I've spoken,  
 ' And do some useful work or other,  
 ' For her, and you, my dearest mother.'—



## LITTLE DICK.

---

‘ MAMMA,’ said Little Dick,  
 ‘ Pray answer me a question ;  
 ‘ Folks say I make them sick,  
 ‘ And shew me no affection.

‘ Now tell me what’s the reason  
 ‘ Of all this fuss and fright ;  
 ‘ And why, at every season,  
 ‘ They seem to shun my sight ?

‘ I do not think I’m cross  
‘ In studying or playing,  
‘ Nor do I mind a loss,  
‘ Or tell what they are saying.’—

‘ My dear,’ replied his mother,  
‘ I know your heart is kind;  
‘ Nor can I name another  
In whom more truth I find:

‘ Good sense is also your’s,  
‘ And love for all around you;  
‘ Yet none your love endures,  
‘ Of playmates I have found you.

‘ Now listen while I’m telling  
‘ The cause of this dislike;  
‘ And why in any dwelling,  
‘ Your presence none can like:

- ‘ Your hands are always dirty ;
- ‘ Your hair is never brushed ;
- ‘ You seem to think ’twould hurt ye
- ‘ To be with towel touched.
  
- ‘ Your shoes the carpets soil,
- ‘ Your fingers stain the books ;
- ‘ And every thing you spoil,
- ‘ That neat or pretty looks.
  
- ‘ At dinner none can bear
- ‘ That you should sit too near them ;
- ‘ Because you tilt your chair,
- ‘ And so with soup besmear them.
  
- ‘ I know you would not lose
- ‘ A book or toy you borrow ;
- ‘ Yet all your friends refuse,
- ‘ Or lend them you with sorrow :

‘ Because, when you return them,  
‘ Their beauty is defaced ;  
‘ And tidy people spurn them,  
‘ By dirty hands disgraced.

‘ E’en I, who love you dearly,  
‘ Can’t take you for a walk ;  
‘ You’re such a sloven really,  
‘ That people stare and talk.

‘ But try, my little Dick,  
‘ To be more neat and careful,  
‘ To mend your manners quick,  
‘ And make your mother chearful.

‘ You need not then complain  
‘ That all your playmates scorn you ;  
‘ Their love will come again,  
‘ When tidy ways adorn you.’



# LITTLE WILLY

AND

## THE BEGGAR BOY.

---

ON Willy's fifth birth-day he changed, as a treat,  
 His frocks for a jacket and trowsers complete ;  
 And strutting about in his novel attire,  
 He called on his sisters to see and admire.  
 Each gave him a sixpence to put in his pocket,  
 But Willy preferred with good halfpence to stock it ;

So changing his silver as soon as he could,  
He ran to the window in frolicsome mood,  
And held out his pence in a box without lid,  
That neither such dress nor such wealth might be hid:  
Some passengers smiled, and he saw them look in too,  
He hoped he should pass for a man at the window;  
He thought they might even suppose from his dress,  
That he was Papa, only grown rather less;  
But while he indulged in these fanciful notions,  
A poor beggar boy was observing his motions,  
And coming up close to the window he said,  
' Pray give me a penny to buy me some bread.'  
' Take some, then,' cried Willy, and kindly held out  
His box to the beggar, who, standing in doubt,  
At last took a halfpenny, making a bow,  
And said, ' This will buy me a roll, master, now.'  
Then Willy's Papa, who had seen the transaction,  
And noticed the poor beggar-boy's modest action,

Exclaimed, ' I am sure you're a good little boy ;  
 ' But why don't you seek to obtain some employ ?'  
 ' Ah, Sir,' he replied, ' while I'd crossings to sweep,  
 ' I managed myself and my mother to keep ;  
 ' But my broom is worn out and I can't get another,  
 ' And that's why I beg for myself and my mother.'  
 ' Papa!' exclaimed Willy, ' how much would it cost,  
 ' To buy him a broom for the one he has lost ?'  
 ' My dear,' said his father, ' I think, if you're  
     willing,  
 ' A very good broom you may have for a shilling ;  
 ' So put on your hat, and we'll go out and buy it,  
 ' And then you will soon see the poor fellow try it.'  
 Willy put on his coat and his hat like a man,  
 And quick at the side of his father he ran,  
 Till they came to a shop at which brooms might be  
     bought,  
 And a broom to his fancy young Willy's eye caught;

He said, ' I intend it for sweeping the street,  
 ' So give me a broom that will sweep it quite neat.'  
 The shopman assured him the one he produced,  
 Was the best for such purpose that ever was used ;  
 Willy counted his halfpence and paid twenty-four,  
 Declaring his purchase was worth many more :  
 He ran to the street and the beggar-boy beckoned,  
 Who followed him close and was there in a second.  
 Said Willy, ' I've brought you this broom for a  
     present,  
 ' And I hope that your sweeping will be very plea-  
     sant :  
 ' I'll come to your crossing whenever I walk,  
 ' And then we can have a few minutes' talk ;  
 ' And I promise as long as my halfpence shall last,  
 ' To give you a penny before I am past.'  
 The boy was delighted and Willy was glad  
 To think of assisting this poor honest lad ;

And as they walked homeward he said with a smile,  
 ' Papa, do you know what I think all this while?  
 ' I want to discover which gave me most pleasure,  
 ' To wear my new clothes or dispose of my treasure;  
 ' So happy I've been since we met with that boy,  
 ' That my handsome new suit scarcely gave me more  
 joy.'

' My dear little Willy,' his father replied,  
 ' Hereafter this difference must be descried;  
 ' The pleasure of wearing a masculine dress  
 ' Is one that from habit will daily grow less;  
 ' But that of relieving the wants of the poor,  
 ' Grows daily more solid, more sweet, and more sure.'



## THE WATCH;

OR,

“WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.”

---

‘ If Papa would but give me a watch,  
 ‘ To measure the time as it passes;  
 ‘ Neither English boys, Irish, nor Scotch,  
 ‘ Should beat me at our Eton classes.

- ‘ But now, with our old College clock,  
 ‘ Which strikes only four times an hour,  
 ‘ I’m in danger of being a block;  
 ‘ Punctuality’s out of my power.’
- ‘ Why, Charles, I am not very rich,’  
 ‘ Twas thus that his father replied;  
 ‘ Nor ought I to grant you your wish,  
 ‘ While you waste so much money beside.
- ‘ Last Christmas, the glazier, you know,  
 ‘ Exacted a guinea to pay  
 ‘ For windows you broke with the snow,  
 ‘ While pelting your comrades in play.
- ‘ At Easter, your bookseller’s bill  
 ‘ Was three times as long as it ought;  
 ‘ You lost them, or used them so ill,  
 ‘ That new Grammars and Ovids were bought.

- ' The fever you managed to catch
  - ' When you heedlessly fell in a pond,
- ' Has cost me the price of a watch,
  - ' And perhaps even something beyond.
- ' Now what you in idleness waste,
  - ' My prudence and thrift must re-pay ;
- ' Nor can you with watches be graced,
  - ' While you throw what would buy them away.
- ' If boys would consider awhile
  - ' What the money they waste would produce ;
- ' On a horse or a watch they might smile,
  - ' By turning their *savings* to use.



## THE MISTAKE ;

OR,

### A DINNER WITH DUKE HUMPHREY.

---

ON a fine frosty day,  
 Quite happy and gay,  
 Little James and his mother to London went ;  
 They walked in and out,  
 And shopping about,  
 'Till nearly their time and their money were spent.

Then beginning to tire,  
 James thought he'd inquire  
 At whose house she intended to rest and to dine :  
 ' My dear,' said his mother,  
 ' With this message and t'other,  
 ' If we dine with *Duke Humphrey* you must not repine.'

At Farrance's shop  
 She then made a stop,  
 And asked for two basins of mock-turtle soup ;  
 With patties and bun,  
 For herself and her son,  
 But now not a morsel would Jamie eat up.

Quite vexed at his wasting  
 Things bought for his tasting ;  
 She noticed his conduct with so grave a rebuke :  
 ' Mamma,' said the boy,  
 ' These cakes do but cloy,  
 ' And you promised just now we should dine with a  
*Duke.*'



## FREDERIC ;

OR,

DECEIT BRINGS ITS OWN PUNISHMENT.

---

‘MAMMA,’ said young Frederic, looking quite sad,  
 ‘The pain in my stomach is grown very bad ;’  
 ‘My poor little boy,’ cried his pitying mother,  
 ‘This medicine will keep you from having another :’  
 Then she gave him some syrup which look’d very nice,  
 He tasted, and drank it all up in a trice.  
 Next day he was cured, but he thought he would feign  
 An illness, to get some nice syrup again:  
 So he came to his mother, and making a face,  
 Said, ‘Mamma, your poor Fred’s in a pitiful case ;’

' I think I can feel I've a little pain still,  
 ' And I'll take a fresh dose, that I may not be ill.'—  
 ' You shall have a fresh dose,' said his mother, ' indeed,  
 ' For the syrup so often may fail to succeed.'  
 Then she mixed up of senna and salts a black draught,  
 And stood by to see it was instantly quaffed.  
 Fred wished he had acted with honest good sense,  
 And sorely repented his greedy pretence;  
 With many grimaces he drank it at last,  
 But then his afflictions by no means were past;  
 For his father came home and declared in an hour  
 He would carry his sister and him to the Tower,  
 To see the wild beasts, and to hold in their arms  
 The young lion's cubs, if they felt no alarms;  
 And Edward, the Black Prince's armour to view,  
 To put on his helmet and draw his sword too:  
 Fred quickly forgot his pretended disease,  
 But his mother cried ' Fred stays at home, if you please;  
 ' Maria may see the regalia and lions,  
 ' But Fred must not set a black draught at defiance.'

So without him his father and sister departed,  
And Fred staid at home and almost broken-hearted.  
Maria returning, augmented his spleen,  
By relating what wonderful things she had seen;  
The crown on her head had been planted, and then  
Its weight made her wish for her bonnet again:  
She had kissed the young lions, and patted their paws,  
While Papa held them firmly for fear of their claws.  
But while she described all the sights she was able,  
The dinner bell rang, and they sat down to table;  
Maria and her father were hungry with walking,  
Fred always was ready for eating or talking;  
So they held out their plates with roast beef to be filled,  
When Fred's expectations were suddenly chilled;  
His mother said giving him beef would be cruel,  
An invalid's dinner is thin water-gruel;  
And as he could get neither beef nor redress,  
He asked for a basin and swallowed the mess.  
A fine currant-tart next appeared on the board,  
But Mamma to poor Fred not a slice would afford;

So while he was dining on gruel and bread,  
 Some wise resolutions came into his head;  
 And first, he resolved that he never would try,  
 To gain what he wished by a trick or a lie;  
 And next, he resolved by an honest confession,  
 To humble himself and atone for transgression.  
 His mother forgave him, and praised his avowal,  
 And said, ' I will tell you, my dear Freddy, now all;  
 ' I guessed your device ;—for I firmly believe  
 ' That children can seldom their parents deceive:  
 ' But supposing they could, yet how often I've told you  
 ' That God can in every transaction behold you;  
 ' Your wishes and thoughts are exposed to His sight,  
 ' And ' with favour the Lord doth behold the upright.'  
 ' Remember, *no sin is a trifle*: observe,  
 ' That our *language* and *conduct* must shew whom  
     we serve;  
 ' For *his* servants we are whose employment we prize;  
 ' And Satan, you know, is ' the Father of Lies.'



**HARRY;**

**OR,**

**THE FIRST LATIN LESSON.**

WHEN Harry's years were three,  
 He knew his A. B. C.  
 And when his age was four,  
 He knew a great deal more:  
 At five he learned to read,  
 And took great pains indeed;  
 At six years he could write,  
 And seemed a clever wight:  
 When seven he attained,  
 Fresh knowledge must be gained;

Papa, with serious manner,  
 Produced the Latin Grammar;  
 Said, ' Give me your attention,  
 ' See here the First Declension;  
 ' *Musa, Musæ, Musæ,*  
 ' Its easy as can be;  
 ' *Musam, Musam, Musam,*  
 ' Its as easy as B. A. Ba.  
 ' *Musæ, Musarum, Musis,*  
 ' You can learn as far as this;  
 ' *Musas, Musæ, Musis,*  
 ' And then you will earn 'a kiss.'  
 The boy received the book  
 With a very sulky look;  
 The dinner-bell was heard,  
 He had not learnt a word;  
 And when the tea-time came,  
 He pouted just the same,  
 And hanging down his head,  
 Went supperless to bed.

The next day was no better,  
 He would not learn a letter;  
 But like a little scorner,  
 Sat sulking in a corner.  
 ' Now tell me,' said Mamma,  
 ' Why such a dunce you are?  
 ' Perhaps you find too long  
 ' These Latin names of song;  
 ' If so, you need but ask  
 ' To learn a shorter task.'  
 ' No, mother,' cried the lad,  
 ' My mem'ry's not so bad;  
 ' I've not the least intention  
 ' To learn this first Declension;  
 ' I know that if I do,  
 ' The second follows too;  
 ' *Dominus, Domini, Domino,*  
 ' *Dominum, Domine,* below:  
 ' But if I don't begin it;  
 ' I can't go forward in it;

' And Latin, once for all, learn out  
 ' I will not learn at all.' *Minor*  
 We'll shew you in the sequel  
 If Harry prov'd quite equal  
 To manage this affair,  
 With all his cunning care.  
 Papa resolved that hour  
 To try their mutual power,  
 Pronounced as Harry's doom  
 He must, in empty room,  
 With neither fire nor food,  
 Be locked, till he was good.  
 Throughout the hungry day  
 The boy would not give way;  
 Though sometimes came a doubt  
 If he should hold it out:  
 But when the shades of night  
 Had shut the book from sight,  
 Just then he felt concern  
 He had not tried to learn;

And wished his task was said,  
 And he was safe in bed.  
 And then another thought  
 Came pressing as it ought;  
 He saw how very wrong  
 His conduct all along;  
 And God with anger views  
 Those children who refuse  
 To do their parents' will  
 With all their little skill.—  
 While these reflections pressed  
 On Harry's troubled breast,  
 He fell upon his knees  
 To God, who always sees;  
 For pardon then he prayed,  
 And for his Saviour's aid  
 To conquer evil tempers,  
 Those worst of all distempers.  
 On rising from his prayer,  
 He heard upon the stair

His father's step draw near,  
And heard with hope and fear.  
' Well, Harry,' said his father,  
' Now tell me, had you rather  
' Stay here still, like a dunce,  
' Or learn your task at once?'  
Young Harry then assured him  
His punishment had cured him;  
And begged he would forget  
His disobedient pet;  
Expressing great contrition,  
And promising submission.  
On this, his father led him  
Downstairs, and kindly fed him:  
Then Harry, with good-will,  
Exerting all his skill,  
Not only learnt '*Musa*,'  
But learned that, *to obey*,  
On every future day,  
Would be his wisest way.



*Grandpapa's Birth-Day Presents;*

OR,

**THE RIGHT USE OF RICHES.**

THE birth-day of good Grandpapa was arrived,  
And the children assembled to greet him;  
Not one, of his kisses would then be deprived,  
So swiftly they scampered to meet him.

- At last he was seated, and silence prevailed,  
 When a long leather purse he untied ;  
 And said, ' My dear children, you see I've not failed.  
 ' For my birth-day some gifts to provide.
- ' To each a gold sovereign I wish to present,  
 ' But that is too much to be wasted ;  
 ' So with half-a-crown first, you must all be content,  
 ' 'Till the pleasure of spending you've tasted:
- ' Then all who have wisely employed the half-crown,  
 ' Shall a sovereign receive in a week:  
 ' But *I* must not make its right destiny known,  
 ' I leave you its uses to seek.
- ' Yet thus I advise you, by way of a clue ;  
 ' If you give it, be sure that you *lend* it ;  
 ' Or else lay it up where no thieves can break through,  
 ' Which I think is the best way to spend it.'

In vain to discover his meaning they tried,  
 Then said he must surely be joking;  
 But this was a charge that he stoutly denied,  
 And they thought it was very provoking.

A week had expired, and he called them again,  
 To give an account of their treasure;  
 And how they employed it, at large to explain,  
 In charity, folly, or pleasure.

‘ I could not both give it and lend it at once,’  
 Said Johnny, ‘ I’m positive that in ;  
 ‘ So I lent it to Henry, because I’m a dunce,  
 ‘ And he promised to construe my Latin.’

Said Henry, ‘ I’m sure that no thieves can break thro’  
 ‘ To the place where I keep my red box ;  
 ‘ So I laid up my money, as counselled by you,  
 ‘ And secur’d it with whip-cord and locks.’

‘ To tell you the truth, Grandpapa,’ said Orlando,  
 ‘ I did not much mind your enigma ;  
 ‘ I bought thirty tarts, which ’tis seldom I can do,  
 ‘ And I hope it will cause me no stigma.’

‘ I could not,’ said William,’ ‘ find out in what manner  
 ‘ You wish’d us to spend the half-crown ;  
 ‘ But as I have given my own to blind Hannah,  
 ‘ You will not, dear Grandfather, frown.’

‘ I own,’ said Louisa, ‘ that I was aware  
 ‘ Of what our dear Grandfather meant ;  
 ‘ And therefore my triumph will scarcely be fair,  
 ‘ If I have fulfilled his intent.

‘ Our Saviour commands not to hoard up our store  
 ‘ On earth, but in Heaven to lay it ;  
 ‘ And Solomon says, whoso gives to the poor,  
 ‘ Hath lent to the Lord, who will pay it.

- ‘ Thus knowing my duty, and being supplied
- ‘ With more than I merit or need ;
- ‘ If I had not sought for the poor to provide,
- ‘ I must have been sinful indeed.
- ‘ So I bought with my money three good loaves of bread,
- ‘ And sent them to three honest neighbours,
- ‘ Whose children are scantily cloathed and fed
- ‘ With the hardly-earned pay of their labours.’

Her Grandfather kissed her in fond approbation,  
 And patting young William’s round cheek,  
 He said, ‘ I rejoice that my little donation  
 ‘ Has led you the needy to seek.

- ‘ Louisa, all precepts the Scriptures contain
- ‘ For guiding our thoughts and behaviour,
- ‘ Are our’s, if we do not receive them in vain,
- ‘ The purchase and gift of Our Saviour.

- ‘ Our duty and privilege equally lie
- ‘ In reading and heeding the Word ;
- ‘ We could not from sin and from selfishness fly,
- ‘ If that did not lead us to God.
- ‘ Proceed then in forming your life on that scale,
- ‘ And pray to the Lord for his aid ;
- ‘ But remember, no efforts of our’s can prevail,
- ‘ Unless Christ has our ransom first made.
- ‘ And, Louisa and William, you having alone,
- ‘ The Right Use of Wealth understood,
- ‘ This purse full of sovereigns now take for your own,
- ‘ And enjoy and employ them in good.’

FINIS.

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